MEMORIES OF A TRAVELER

Interesting Bits of Observation by Wakeman in Foreign Lands.

FROM ALGERIAN MOSQUE TO SCOTTISH POET

Tennyson's Deception-Reminiscence of Collyer-A Poet Discovered in a Section Hand-Morning in Venice-Minstrelsy Not Dead.

[Copyrighted, 1893.] LONDON, Jan. 23 .- | Correspondence of THE BEE.]-No one who has visited Algiers will ever forget the lovely though diminutive mosque of Sidi Abd-el-Rhaman, which stands above the garden of Marengo and overlooks the sea. Its surroundings are charming, and within its little cemetery are eucalyptus, mulberry and fig trees shading the quaint old tombs. The inner chapel is a sort of a shrine from being the burial place of numbers of Moslem saints, Pachas and Deys; and a wondrous number of sacred relics, emblems and carvings, with lamps, ostrich eggs. embroideries, grotesquely decorate the columns, walls and hang from the ceitings. More than 1,000,000 francs have been ex-

pended on such gifts and tokens. It is in this little mosque that one will see so many Arab women. The glittering silk halks hide their faces, but there is a constant atmosphere of perfume, an endless tinkle of concealed and half-concealed jew-elry, a continuous murmur of of musical voices in prayer, and a ceaseless rustle of woman's attire as they come, go, or prostrate themselves in their devotions. are certainly solemn and impressive, whether down among the old fisher-folk at the Grand mosque with the Maleki rite, or here where the wealthier Arab men and women come clad in the richest textures of the Orient and laden often with jeweis which would purchase a king's ransom.

The Moslem must pray five times each day. Every act of prayer begins with these words from the koran: "Praise be to God the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the Lord of the day of judgment! Thee de we worship. We implore Thy ald, Direct us in the right way." This, and other pas-sages are repeated, led by the thalib, a sacred scholar and an old man, in the natur of responses. The faces of all are toward the east their Meeca. At each mention of the name of God, overy worshiper prostrates himself so that seven parts of the body—the head, hands, knees and feet-touch the sacred carpet together.
Tennyson's Unkind Trick.

The booksellers of Scotland, and particu-larly the second-hand booksellers, dealing in curious and valuable works, of which ther are very many in Edinburgh and Glasgow do not entertain a very kindly feeling for the memory of the late Lord Tennyson. They cite many little unpleasant characteristics of the laureate as a man, but their particular reason for unfriendliness lies in the fact that, as they insist, he was even more of a Shylock than Ruskin in all his re-lations with booksellers, and that not many years since he nearly caused the ruin of one of their number, Mr. Robert Forrester, bookseller of the Royal Exchange, St.

George's square, Glasgow.
A stranger one day sauntered into Mr. For rester's shop meanly clad, grizzled and un-kempt and betraying all the ordinary marks of a seedy customer beneath a frousied slouch hat. He was very anxious, he said, to get a very cheap copy of two of Tennyson's poems as gifts to poor folk who were not able to purchase them. He was shown several copies of the cheapest copyright English editions, but these were far too dear. Hadn't Mr. For-rester something within his means, perhaps one of those cheap American reprints? Oh. yes, he had two copies, left by some family returning from America, but it was illegal to sell them. That would not matter in so good a cause. The grizzled stranger pressed the purchase, and finally secured the two copies for four shillings. He was none other than Lord Tennyson himself, and through the unmanly artifice he succeeded in mulcting Mr. Forrester to the extent of £250!

Robert Collyer's Master. Everybody in the United States knows, ut, brave and goo Collyer, who, though for a quarter century one of our greatest of preachers, works in his study beside the very anvil on which his 'prentice days were passed before he became a full fledged Yorkshire blacksmith. His master was "Owd Jackie" Birch, the village smith of quaint old likley, in Wharfedale. When you stand by its ancient church of All Saints' and look in upon its mossy graves and the Runie crosses, your hands will grasp the bars of its huge iron gates. They were forged on "Owd Jackie's" anvil by this same stout hearted "Yorkshire blacksmith." And somehow as one turns away from Ilkley the feeing comes strongly that there was wrought into these rods and bars a hero grit more impressive and imperishable than is revealed in all other monuments or tokens left in Wharfedale, since the days when the mans trod these pleasant ways. Irish Characters.

There is an old quatrain among the Irish peasantry, the origin of which, for the spirit of insistive prophesy it contains, might fairly be attributed to the provident genius of one of the characters to which it refers:

While Ireland is ould Ireland You'll have forevermore The bocough and the corrag Beside the cabin door.

The bocough was the wandering minstrel and story teller of Ireland. He had keen scent for every spot where geniality and generosity flourished; but poverty, oppres sion and sorrow have long ago withdrawn the scant cheer that once gave him place.

The bocough is gone. But the other one the corrag, who requires no raiment, food or housing, remains within the shadow of the Irish cabin door. Throughout Connemara, and particularly in a former tramp down from the Ballindoon district to Cloghmore and the sea, I saw one of these silent, dried up old fellows trembling in the wind by the door of every but or cabin I passed.

To my fancy each one took on a separate individuality and seeming. This one stood

there defiant, as if repellant of your approach. That one had a saucy air, as if to intimate that a fine, "right" blackthorn was mtimate that a fine, "right" blackthorn was concealed about his person. Another seemed decrepit and weary from silent vigil out there in the bitter mountain wind. Another was bent and leaning as though it could stand there no longer. Another seemed to becken to the passer to enter, or to hint with weary gesture that you may keep upon your way. And many yeary many total leads. way. And many, very many, stood bowed and sadly attentive as if listening in reve-rent solemnity to endless tales of want and

rent soleminity to endless tales of want and
woe that come in hopeless tones from the
half-starved souls within.

The corrag is but a tall bundle of limbs or
osiers, set before the door to break the hurt
of the savage mountain blasts, "the ould
man of the branches," the peasants called
it; but one sometimes feels that this insensate typified protector of the Irish cabin
was the only object in guise of human that was the only object in guise of human that ever got thus near the man-neglected, God-forsaken peasantry of this pitifully condi-

Humble Gondola Life in Venice.

To my mind a scene in early morning on Grand canal in Venice, is far more interesting than one in the early evening, when the faded aristocracy of the city are moving about with apparent listlessness in their private black gondolas, decorated with their owners' coats-of-arms, propelled by private condollers in ridiculous liveries, or at night gondoliers in ridiculous liveries, or at night when the canal in general is wholly and offensively a show object to opened-mouthed strangers. In the very early morning, while the gray is yet upon the water and the gurging of the tides is like the chuckling of night imps in the dark retreats of the lowest arches—nd angles, then it is that the oddest and most fascinating processions pass and repass away down there in the shadows beneath your window.

neath your window.

Scores of little, long barges leaded with vegetables from the flat, outlying islands are on their way to the market at the Rialto.

The sails are red, with blue tips and yellow center pieces, and most grotesque figures of Madonnas are painted somewhere on their gaudity-colored sterns. These barges are propelled by poles in the hands of men in purple, pink, blue and orange garments, and ry often a bareheaded peasant woman is led in with the vegetables. Here and there a sandalo, a lighter and more graceful bark than the gondela, darts by. It is rowed by two men, with tasseled caps, like the Biscayan fishermen. A half dozon goats are tied head and tail to the gunwale, and women

and children are milking these on their way

guard-changing, fill the shadowy way with a din of chattering profaulty. Here are four nuns with bewed heads being rowed on some errand of mercy. Again whole families of the lowlier classes, especially plous through some common bereavement, are setting out to be present at some very cheap and early mass. Here comes a crowd of boats with villagers, vegetables, fowls, flagons of milk bestowed in dewy wisps of grass, rolls of butter in last year's sweet, white corn husks, and numberless and nameless stuffs for the mercato. They are from the mainland hamlets and must have been astir at midnight lets and must have been astir at midnight.
Following these is a curious procession of
gondolas piled higher than the gondoliers'
heads with household goods; and the people
who are thus "moving" follow in their own
gondolas, suggesting a funeral of household
gods cut short in its cortege.

There are friars with hugh baskets in their
gondolas setting out to the markets to huge

condolas setting out to the markets to buy and beg for their brethren and the poor; ired fishermen with boat loads of gleaming fruit of the sea; sailors subdued and sullen after an all night's roystering on their way back to their dog's life and the ships; messengers with the night's collection of telegrams; bakers in white linen caps and shirts. with boat-loads of black, brown and white bread; water-carriers with huge casks and flagons of drinking water: outchers, icemen greeerymen, all in boats making their first morning rounds; and all of them down there mon the water in the shadows seeming like me weird and silent maskers in a dream.

Spoiling a Poet. Scotland has never been more thrilled in expectancy or dissappointed in outcome than in the career, so far, of her at one time most promising of poets, Alexander Anderson. There is a penny home paper called the People's Journal, published at Dundee. It encourages contributions from country home folk and the lowly strivers in towns. About twelve years ago some tender heart rhymes, rugged and rough but with a masterful pathos in them, among which were "Cuddle Doon" and "Jennie wi' the Airu (crooked) Teeth," were noticed in this sheet over the name of Alexander Anderson,

widely copied and commented on.

Then came a poem which electrified the Land o' Cakes, and which will ever remain s much a heart song of the entire Se people as any verse ever penned by Robert Burns. It was called "Castles I' the Air," and here is the first stanza, as I recall it

The bonnie, bonnie bairn wha sits pokin' a the Glowerin' i the fire wi his wee round face, Laughin' at the puffin-lowe (flame-darts)— What sees he there?

Ha, the young dreamer's biggin castles I' the Rev. George Gilfillan, pastor of the United Presbyterian church at Dundee, one of the many editors of Burns, hunted up the un-known genius and at first brought his personality to public notice. He found the poet to be what we call in America a "section-hand," that is, one of a gang keeping railway tracks in repair: "surfacemen" they are called in Britain: and this strapping young fellow who had given Scotland its finest fire-side poem for a half century was earning but three shillings, sixpence pence per day.

The discovery caused immense excitement in Scottish literary circles, and Sir Noel Paton, her majesty's limner for Scotland, painter of "Oberon and Titania," "Light of the World." "Christ in the Garden," etc., at once took the surfaceman bard under his owerful patronage. It resulted in securing for the poet the appointment of assistant ibrarian in the Edinburgh university ibrary. That seemed to end the man's genuine poetical career. His rhyme, appearing at long intervals, is stilted and scholastic. This is held in the deepest resentment by those still fondly crooning "Cuddle Doon" and "Castles I' the Air." I tell my Scottish literary friends they must let the man sup at learning's fount for the terrible "drooth" that was on him; that then he will 'drooth" that was on him; that then he will ned and doze and hibernate; and that by and by he will sing like a prisoned bird across the years in memory of his lowly hours. But they will not believe me, and insist that the next poet who is given a life position in Scotland will be "bro't o'er the heckle-pins sairly!"

Irish Minstreisy. The minstrels of Ireland are not all gone from the highways and byways of Erin. The mournful harp and plaintive pipe may have given way to the breezy banjo and crooning violin, but the songs which these accompany are the songs of Ireland still. Down by the rotten Cladstill. Down by the rotten Claddagh wharves of old Galway town, I recently came upon a rapt audience enthralled by the dulcet notes of Tim Brennan, the "wandering minsrhel of Tipperary"—one of the sweetest singers I ever heard, and one who would have been great were it not for his love of "the cinder in it," as they aptly the west of Ireland mountain dew term the west of Ireland mountain dew.
I had seen Tim many, many times before in Ireland. Our trampings had brought us into the same relations of artist and responsive auditor so many times that, as he tipped me a comforting wink of recognition, and I noticed that his violin had been replaced by the temporary though ample musical makeshift of a banjo wrought from the head of an ancient Irish churn, in the pause

following his ballad. I felt embol-lened to toss nim back his wink with the query: "And Tim, why didn't you bring the churn with its head? "Faith, yer honor," he replied in a flash and with a winsome smile, holding the churn head banjo aloft so all could see, "faith I never argue wid a lady—an', yer honor, a bould Irish wooman stud at its

I had got a taste of his sprightly and never vicious wit, and he as quickly got my shilling for that same: more power to the quick hinges of that nimble tongue of the wander-

ing minstrel of Tipperary!
EDGAR L. WAREMAN.

Portrait on a Coffin Lid. James Clareback, about 45 years of age, was recently engaged at Herrington's Corners, ten miles from Elmira, N. Y., in resurrecting the remains of Mrs. C. M. Herrington in order to bury them in another place The body had been under ground for thirty-five years, and in digging for it Clareback struck a great deal of water. He reached the remnants of the outer box surrounding the coffin, and when box surrounding the colin, and when he pulled them out of the way he was greatly astonished to see what appeared to be Mrs. Horrington's body, apparently un-disturbed and so lifelike as to convey to his mind the belief that a living, breathing voman was before him.

"I tell you I was scared," said Clareback "I tell you I was scared," said Clareback to a correspondent, "and I nearly fell over in a faint in the grave. When I made an examination, however, I discovered that it was not the body I saw before me, but an exact photograph of it on the top of the coffin lid, I then raised the coffin and opened it. With the exception of the head, it contained only a few crumbling bones. The head, however, was perfectly preserved. The head, however, was perfectly preserved The bones were covered with flesh which had petrified, the whole being as aard as a stone, while the hair had grown to an un-usual length, and was very abundant."

The coffin lid was exhibited to a number of people. It was made of cedar and con-tained an exact and perfectly clear repre-sentation of the deceased woman as she ap-

peared when she died thirty-five years ago.

Just how to account for this no one knows,
but in lieu of any better explanation that
made by the grave digger is accepted. It is
to the effect that the water flowing through
the grave must have raised the body so that it was pressed against the coffin lid and the action of the gases arising from the body in conjunction with the nature of the wood, forced the picture to appear as it did on the outer side of the coffin lid,

Brave Ministers.

There are two ministers of the gospel in Providence, R. I., who work for their daily bread. One lights and extinguishes lamps, the other drives a horse car and each is the other drives a horse car and each is honored and respected among men.

Rev. W. H. Bullock is the lamplighter and is in the employ of the city. His work lies largely in the fluid lighting district and being a conscientious employe of the city he is never caught without oil in his tamps, although he knoweth not the hour when the inspector cometh.

The church of which Pastor and Lamplighter Bullock presided over is the church

lighter Bullock presided over is the church of the Disciples of Christ.

of the Disciples of Christ,

Its congregation is not composed of millionaires, but hard working men and women, with whom the pastor is in touch because he is one of them. He takes no salary for his sermons and he has probably baptized, married and bused more people than any dozen pastors of Providence.

Before he as ordained to preach the word of God Mr. Bullock was a soldier and a policeman.

PAPERS FROM MANY LANDS

Unique Collection of News Publications Made by a Hastings Man.

HOW THEY HANDLE NEWS IN ICELAND

Samples of Newspaper Enterprise in Countries of Which Many People Have Never Heard-Editorials in Languages That Are Older Than the Pyramids.

Mr. E. N. Hamen of Hastings, Neb., has the distinction of being one of the few newspaper collectors in the world; probably the mly one in the United States. In Germany there are a number, one in particular possessing a collection of over 6,000. The contents of these collections, however, are classified as being scientific, religious, secular, etc., in character, while Mr. Hamen's idea has been to secure a representative copy of papers printed in each written language in the world. For three years he has been engaged in this work, and now his collection numbers hundreds, representing some fifty languages. In looking over the collection one is struck

by the typographical inferiority of the

European papers to those published in this

country. Almost without exception the

paper is light and soft, while the ink used seems to have been much diluted before using. The press work is poor and the foreman of any second rate office in the union could probably "make up" in a more attractive manner. The advertisements are fully twenty-five years behind the times, the fonts used precluding any artistic display. One of the most prominent papers in the collection is the Paris Figaro, familiar to all readers of The Bee's foreign cablegram's. It is a six-column folio, selling for three ents, printed on poor paper in a not very artistic manner. The 'want ads' are a very natural feature and considerable space is given to a theatrical department. A characteristic column is headed Sport in English and is followed by the names of a ng string of racehorses

long string of raction of the With the Bohemian paper, Heas With the Bohemian paper, Heas Noroda, the unfamiliar press censor's stamp is seen, much like a postmark, on the male caper is printed in Prague margin. This paper is printed in Prague and has as great a fondness for supplemental inserts" as a western weekly, hrudinske Noving differs from former in not having the censor's stamp on the margin. Instead, there is a yellow stamp about the size of the new Columbian stamps which was stock on the paper before printing. The Algemeen Handelsblad, or New Amsterdam Courant is a six-column folio remarkable chiefly for its advertise-ments of honors hotels and society maments of liquors, hotels and sewing ma-

chines, in low Dutch.

De Koophandel, published at Antwerp, resembles the French papers in quality of printing. A prominent feature is a list of the arrivals and departures of the myriads of steamships which come to Antwerp, all chronicled in Flemish. The most note worthy German paper is the Berlin Tage-blatt. It is a small, poorly printed paper with three wide columns. About a page of advertisements is admitted without any at-tempt at display. With it, as in most of the continental newspapers, the lower third of a couple of pages is given up to a serial story. The Tageblatt is most noteworthy for its supplements; Ulk, a satirical paper about the size of Life; a daily amusement paper, Familien Blatt; Zeitgeist, and a commercial supplement. ommercial supplement.

The Pester Lloyd of Buda-Pest, Austria,

is as nearly like an antiquated German-American weekly as anything. The Nemzet of the same place, a Hungarian paper, is larger than The Bee, yet with only five columns. It is a six-page publication and, contrary to the gen-eral rule, has some very gaudy advertise-ments.

In this collection are a number of Greek papers published in Athens. One, with an indecipherable name, is an illustrated fourcolumn folio, printed on fine paper in Greek characters. In one a good picture of Glad-stone appears, followed by a biography. All articles are followed by a facsimile signature of the author. It seems strange to think of life insurance advertisments and ex-planations of comic pictures in the language of Plato and Demosthenes.

Following a Greek daily naturally comes a Latin magazine, Alavdæ, published at Aquilæ, Italy, the town Julius Cæsar chose as the headquarters of his cisalpine forces. It is a university magazine of sixteen pages. and altogether is not larger than half a page of The Bre. The three copies sent were shipwrecked and still show traces of salt water. This is believed to be the only Latin paper published. The Gaelle Journal of Dublin is another remnant of an almost dead language. It compromises with the super-seding language by publishing part in En-glish. A love story in serial form has an English vocabulary at the close of each

English vocabulary at the close of each chapter.

The Spanish papers resemble the English journals. An almost startling feature of a couple is a funeral advertisement on the last page flanked by patent medicine ads. El Liberal claims to have the largest circulation of any in Spain, and sells for a penny. The usual continued story is found at the bottom of the first and second pages. The Portuguese papers, published at Lisbon, are mainly given up to advertisements of steamship lines. The Journal of Commerce is a pooly printed seven-column folio, and in typographical execution could be outdone by any frontier weekly.

any frontier weekly. any frontier weekly.

In Constantinople the Levant Herald is published in Turkish. The Arabic print looks like shorthand run riot. It apparently is printed backward, the fourth page of an English folio being the Turkish first. A big green stamp was put on the paper before printing. A curiosity is the Sina Sapa Wocekiye Taeuanpahn, whatever that may mean, published at Fort Totten, North Dakota, for the Sioux Indians. It is an illus-

trated Catholic monthly with a children's department in English. The Armenian papers published at Constantinople have numerous "scare heads."
The Armenian character is a little more like a hen track, if possible, than the Arabic, and the effect is dazzling to the eye. The usual official stamps are affixed. An Armenian paper from Asia minor with the date 1864

vas very neatly executed.

The common peculiarity of the South African Boer papers is the number and variety of the cattle advertisements. The South African has in addition an advertisement for Beecham's pills, while Our Land substitutes one of a New York life insur-ance company. A Welsh paper published at Rhyl, Wales, whose name is composed mainly of y's and d's, is of about the same general style as the weekly New York Tribune. But one Hebrew newspaper is published in the world, the Hamagid of Berrin, a weekly. The Hebrew Review of Paris is a monthly which reads backward. but has a French title in the usual place but has a French title in the usual place.
The Romanic language, once spoken by millions, but now confined to some half a hundred villages in Switzerland, has two papers, the Gasetta Romonscha and the Il Sursilvan, published at Chur. The latter is a very small sheet, so small, in fact, that an American would hardly think of using it for shaving mater.

American would hardly think of using it for shaving paper.

Quite a contrast is a regular blanket sheet published at Copenhagen in the Danish language, whose name is omitted as it would fill nearly two lines of The Bee. The Kaishin Shimbun of Tokio, Japan, is a radical, progressive paper which is said to have a very large circulation. It is profusely illustrated and some of its cuts would do credit to a Lincoln paper. With true oriental thrift the margin at the fold of the paper is closely filled with type set in smaller size. The Siamese papers from Bangkok are refreshing in their light faced, airy type. The Government Gazette has a wonderful creation of pagodas, white elephants and gorgeous dragons incorporated in its head.

porated in its head.
The gem of the collection is the official paper of China, the Peking Gazette, believed to be about the only copy extant in the United States. It is the oldest paper in the world, and a newspaper man always ap-proaches it with the same feeling that actu-ated Mark Twain at the tomb of Adam, so awe-inspiring is the though tof its 1,400 years of life. It is about the size of a pocket memorandum book, ten inches by three and a half, printed on an almost gossamer thickness of doubled paper, in black type three-eighths of an inch high. It has a yellow cover with red letters, the cover being glit edged-paper. Another Chinese paper form-

ing quite a contrast is printed at Shanghai. It is fully five free long and three wide, printed on one side, having a supplemental

A Mexican scientific monthly has two covers, one salmon-colored of heavy paper, and the thiner a vivid ruby of lighter grade. The wrapper is addressed in Volapuk. The official organ of this latter language is a small eight-page monthly with but a single column printed in New York. Another New York paper is the Jewish Gazette, a consolidation of fifteen periodicals. It is a sixteen page, six column paper with It is a sixteen page, six column paper with page "ads" which look strange in the square Hebrew letter used to, express the Jewish-German jargon. The appeal to advertisers however, is in good Anglo-Saxon, and under neath the head is the familiar "known cir

neath the head is the familiar "known circulation." Curiously enough, the only Syrian
paper in the world comes from New York.

The Swedish periodicals from Stockholm
are of a very neat order, the Norwegian from
Christiana being exceptionally good. The
Caucasian, Grusinian and Roumanian papers
from Caucasus are interesting, some being
dailies. The Tartars also have a daily. The
Polish Gazety Handlowa books decidedly
familiar in its Roman type after the aimless
Arabic scrawls of the few preceding speci-Arabic scrawls of the few preceding specimens. Native Opinion of Bombay, Indi mens. Native Opinion of Bombay, India, is a small four-column bi-weekly published in Hindoo and English, now almost thirty years old. Apparently there was too heavy a blanket on the cylinder of the press pertrayed on the last page, for the impression was so heavy that the type was almost punched through the paper. In Jerusalem are a number of papers with the yellow government stamp stuck on before printing. ernment stamp stuck on before printing. One, the House of Jacob, is published in the German-Jewish vernacular. The Persian Iran is better printed than one would expect, and the Itala is a little larger, hav ing four colums to the former's three. A inique feature is the map on the last page, about as different from an American railroad ime table map as one could imagine. The scharaff is a lithographed folio, two of the four pages being given up to ideal por-

But two papers are published in Icelandic one in Reykjavik, the Isafold, and one at Winnepeg, Canada. The Isafold is a small three-column sheet with a serial story on the bottom of two pages. The Hawaiian slands are represented by a number of papers obtained through Claus Spreckles the sugar king. Besides the Hawaiian, a Chinese and a Portuguese paper are issues at Honolulu. Nearly twenty Italian papers were obtained from Rome. One, La Osser vatore Romano, is evidently religious in tone for underneath the head appears the papal coat of arms, and the first column of the first page is headed by a Latin prayer for the safety of the pope. La Tribuma is published in the Roman dialect, the entire inside being given up to a colored political cartoon. These hundreds of papers were in the main

obtained through the banks lecated at the points of publication. Mr. Hamen, being a bank clerk, found no trouble in eliciting ourteous answer from his correspondents in all parts of the world. Some few were ob-tained through collectors in Germany. The postage stamps from the packages sent would in themselves form a collection of no small pretensions. It is interesting to note the addresses and read the inclosures in some of the answers received, handmade dictionary English and geographical ignorance each being prominent.

IMPLETIES.

Dean Hole tells of a Sundy school boy who answered the question "What proof have we of St. Peter's repentance?" with "Please, sir, he crowed three times." His sister, while teaching in the Sunday school, asked ier class what was meant by the law and her class what was meant by the law and the prophets. A bright little girl immedi-ately responded, "If you please, ma am, it is when you sell anybody up." At a certain service the rector, seeing there was only one alms dish provided, asked a rustic to bring a dish from the dining from table of the rec-tory and pass it up and down both sides of the north aisle. When the command was the north asse. When the command was carried out, the rustic whispered in the rector's ear: "I've done as yer told me, sir. I've taken it down yer side of the aisle and up tother, but they'll'snone of them have any." Judge of the warthy rector's amazement when he discovered that the dish was full of biscuits!

Robert G. Ingersoll: Not long ago I was dining with some gentlemen. Next to me sat a minister. He was talking a little on this subject. I finally asked him: "Now," says I, "you are talking so much about the apostles and the Lord and those things.
Will you answer me a question—honor. Will you answer me a question—honor bright(" He said he would. I said: "Which would you rather spend an evening with one of the apostles or Robert Burns?" "Well," DR. R. W. BAILEY he said, "if I tell you, you'll tell on me." I said: "Then I know what your answer is, because if you had been going to say one of the apostles you would never tell me not to tell on you.'

"My erring brother," asked Rev. Mr. Coldten, "why do you persist in drinking rum, when water, cold water, is so much

"I guess I know more about how good water is than you," answered Mr. ushforth. "You temperance people have of the delight of a good, nice, coid of water the next morning.

"I have a great plan for raising me ey for the missionary fund." said the unmarried deacon. "We will have every woman in the church give a nickel for each year of her

age."
"It will work better," said the married deacon, "if we have every woman contribute a nickel for each year she lacks of forty."

In the dining room of an English hotel a scriptural text is hung on the wall, as follows: "Wait on the Lord and He shall exalt thee to inherit the land," and along-tide of it is a warning from the landlord, reading: "Watch your hat and overcont, as the proprietor is not responsible for them.

Cumso—The Rev. Dr. Thirdly forgot him-self yesterday. Fangle—How was that? Cumso—In reading the scripture lesson he said: "Yea, man dieth and wasteth away. Yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is

A Sedalia preacher advertises "good music and short sermons.'



ARE THE VICTIM OF ANY NERV-OUS, CHRONIC OR PRI-VATE DISEASES YOU Have the benefit of our abil-ity, experience, and skill it you will only let us KNOW By either personal or written application, that you wish to consult with US. CONSULTATION FREE.

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118 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb. POINTERS! GRAP BANKS

" MOTHERS FRIEND"

MARES CHILD BIRTH EASY,

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1886.—My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars. DOCK MILLS.

Sent by express on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bot-tle. Book "To Mothern" mailed free, BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. POR BALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. ATLANTA, QA.

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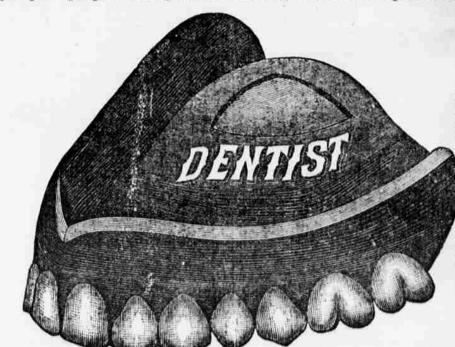
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